

MATED BY A PAWN.

When a man is about to entertain a very charming girl whom he is anxious to impress and suddenly finds that with the exception of a few coppers, he has no money in his pocket, he may be sure to forget the use of a few strong ejaculations. Such was the plight of Everhard Hamlyn at ten minutes to 1 o'clock on a certain Saturday afternoon. He had been so absorbed in reading the brief of an important case that was to be heard in the courts on Monday that he had forgotten the emptiness of his pocket. At 1 o'clock Alice Valentine, an American girl with whom he had formed a deep friendship, was coming in to see what a barrister's chambers in the Temple looked like, and she was also to be taken out to lunch.

"The worst was that there were only ten minutes in which to rectify the mistake. He wrote out a check hurriedly, and then remembered that time would not permit him to go to the bank to cash it. His clerk was gone, and the Temple was wrapped in its usual Saturday afternoon peacefulness.

Without a hat he rushed over to Harcourt building to see if his friend Anderson was in his chambers. He could rely upon her for a couple of pounds. But the fates were against Hamlyn. Anderson was out, and the doors were locked.

Realizing that there was nothing for him to do but to go to the bank he hurried along Fleet street, meaning to call a hansom. But as he arrived there the clock struck one, and he knew that he could not get to the bank and back in twenty minutes. Alice would never forgive him if he was not at his rooms to receive her.

Suddenly his eye was caught by the three brass balls hanging over a shop almost opposite. The sight suggested a new idea to his mind, and he promptly acted upon it. In another moment he rushed across the road, and entering the shop handed his eighty-guinea hunter over the counter.

"How much?" said the clerk, eyeing the hatless and breathless Hamlyn somewhat suspiciously.

"Oh, I only wanted a fiver," replied Everhard, hurriedly.

"Have you got a card on you?" asked the clerk, thinking he was on the track of a swell mobster.

Unversed in the ways of pawnbrokers, Hamlyn pulled out his case and handed him a card.

"All right, sir," seeing his name and address, and noting it corresponded with the initials on the watch. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said, hastily, and filled up a ticket and counted out five pounds. "Have you a penny for the ticket, please?"

Hamlyn impatiently threw down a copper and fairly bolted out of the shop. The people in Fleet street stared at him with amazement, and a gutter arab with whom he collided, shouted, "Who are yer shov'ing?" as he crossed the road.

Now it happened that Alice Valentine was just at that moment passing down Fleet street, on her way to the Temple. She had arrived somewhat earlier than she had intended, for she upheld the traditions of womanhood with regard to punctuality.

"It would never do," she said to herself, "to be quite punctual. He would think I was too impatient."

So, timing herself to arrive at the Temple about 1:15 o'clock, she was strolling leisurely along when she caught sight of Hamlyn, rushing wildly out of a pawnbroker's shop. For a moment the ludicrousness of the situation struck her very forcibly, and she laughed softly to herself. But gradually as she realized the full significance of the action, her amusement gave place to pity.

"Poor boy," she murmured, "I had not the faintest idea that he was hard up. And to think that I have let him spend such a lot of money in taking me about."

"I must get even with him in some way." There was a very tender spot in her heart for the tall, clever young barrister, who had shown so plainly his preference for her above all other women. Alice Valentine and her aunt, Miss Safford, were making a tour of Europe, and she had met Hamlyn first of all in a hotel at Geneva. He had rendered them a number of civilities, and as he happened to be doing the same round of Switzerland as they, for a month he was their almost daily companion. With the frankness of American women, she accepted his attentions graciously, and, finding him a pleasant attendant, enrolled him in their services without further ado.

Miss Safford generally accompanied Alice wherever she went, and showed quite as much eagerness to "do" every place as thoroughly as her niece. It was only on rare occasions when the elderly lady was obliged to admit that she was "too tired for anything," that Hamlyn had a chance of taking Miss Valentine out alone.

The constant companionship, however, had brought about the usual result. Hamlyn was not an inflammable man. He had reached the mature age of thirty—no unsought after—without having succumbed to feminine charms. But there was something about the fair American that fascinated him in spite of himself.

To-day, as she came into his room, a perfect vision of freshness and loveliness in the gloomy atmosphere of the Temple, Hamlyn was conscious of a certain rhytmus and reserve in her manner that he had not noticed before.

"I don't believe I ought to come here by myself," she said, as she closed the door. "I wonder what Aunt Catherine would say to it."

"You are late," said Hamlyn. "I have been waiting impatiently for you."

"Am I really?" replied Alice. "What is the time, then?"

He pulled at his watch chain mechanically, forgetful of his escapade, and glanced at the hazy dial. He colored slightly as he realized his mistake, and

felt her eyes upon him, but answered lightly: "About twenty minutes past 1, I fancy."

She was walking round the room, glancing at the ponderous looking books and the papers tied with pink tape, getting, as she expressed it, the "atmosphere" of the place.

"It must be just lovely to work here," she said. "Everything seems so old and historic. I believe I should only have to sit here a few hours a day and I should become a lawyer by breathing the air."

"Which reminds me," said Hamlyn, "that I have been breathing air quite long enough and want lunch. Where shall we go?"

Alice Valentine hesitated. "Look here," she said at last. "I want to say something to you. You have been taking me about such a lot, and I have done nothing for you. I feel real mean. I want you to let me stand for a lunch to-day."

He shook his head laughingly. "You forget," he said, "that you are my guest; but I want you to say where you would like to go."

He named a well-known restaurant in Piccadilly, where she knew the prices were ruinous.

"No," she said, "don't let us go there. Will you take me to one of those little Bohemian places you told me of, where you get a table d'hôte lunch for eighteen pence? I should love to go. It would be a new experience."

"You look too smart," he replied, glancing at her admiringly. "But I tell you what I will do. We will split the difference and go to a kind of semi-fashionable place where you shall see all sorts and conditions of people and hear a band."

Once or twice during lunch, when conversation dragged, Hamlyn noticed again the thoughtful expression on her face. At last he took the matter up. "Tell me," he said, "what you are thinking of."

"I was thinking," she replied slowly, "of how I could help some one who has been very good to me."

"Not a difficult matter, surely—for you."

"It is very difficult," she said, "under the circumstances. The person I want to help is poor and very proud."

She was looking down at the tablecloth and studiously avoiding his eyes. "Can I be of any assistance?" he said.

"You—why—," she laughed. "Yes, perhaps you can. I will think about it and let you know."

There was a new sympathy in her voice and manner and Hamlyn felt a mad desire to take her there and then in his arms and cover her face with kisses.

But there was no opportunity to tell her of his love. Immediately after lunch they were obliged to hurry off to meet Miss Safford at a matinee, and Hamlyn had no further chance of a tête-à-tête with Alice, but he arranged satisfactorily a meeting for Monday afternoon, when he determined to put his fate to the test.

"You will not forget," he said in parting, "to let me help you in the matter you mentioned."

"No," she replied with a singular look on her face. "I will not forget."

As Everard walked home he recalled her tones, her face, the fair, flushed cheeks, sweet mouth, earnest brows and eyes of the softest fire. There was that in her look which satisfied him.

He was awakened from his reverie by an urchin inquiring what o'clock it was. For the second time that day he mechanically tutted at his watch chain.

"Confound it!" he exclaimed as he realized his loss. "I never knew that it was such a nuisance to be without a watch. I must get it out first thing on Monday morning."

The urchin grasped the situation and ran away grinning. On Sunday Hamlyn again bethought himself of the watch.

the declaration as soon as possible. Returning to his chambers he put on his robes and was soon lost in contemplation of the business in hand.

About an hour after his visit to the pawn shop, Alice Valentine drove up in a cab to the same door. She had found the pawn ticket lying on Hamlyn's table on the Saturday afternoon and had appropriated it, meaning to redeem the watch and send it back to him as soon as possible.

She was rather nervous at going into the shop, but she was not the kind of a girl to allow her feelings to stand in the way of a project she wished to carry through; so, putting on an air of unusual haughtiness, she entered the little compartment and handed in the ticket.

"I want the watch, please," she said. The pawnbroker's assistant looked her up and down carefully. When he had, as it were, sized her completely, he inquired, dryly: "Where did you get this?"

Alice flared up indignantly. "That is no business of yours; tell me what I have to pay and give me the watch."

"Not so fast," said the young man. "You must answer one or two questions first."

He went away, and after a whispered consultation returned with a gray-bearded old man, who was polite, but firm.

"I am sorry, madam, but I cannot allow you to redeem this ticket until you inform me how this ticket came into your possession."

"I found it," said Alice. "Allow me to inform you then," said the pawnbroker, sternly, "that you are committing a very grave offense. By attempting to obtain the watch you lay yourself open to criminal proceedings."

"But," said Alice, "I am a friend of the gentleman to whom the watch belongs."

"Come, come, that won't do at all. A gentleman who called himself Mr. Hamlyn was here about an hour ago endeavoring to get the watch himself."

"Mr. Hamlyn been here this morning?" cried Alice. She had never expected that he would be able to redeem his watch so soon.

"Better send for a policeman," suggested the assistant.

"Hold your tongue," said his master. Then, turning to Alice Valentine, he said: "I do not wish to be hard upon you, but I insist upon an explanation. I will send over to the address on the ticket, and if your story is true Mr. Hamlyn will corroborate it. Harvey, send the boy over to Queen's Bench. Walk in and ask Mr. Hamlyn to come here immediately."

"Mr. Hamlyn coming here," cried Alice, unguardedly. "Oh, I must go at once."

"I cannot allow it," said the pawnbroker. "You must wait. If you refuse I have no option but to call a policeman."

If looks could kill, the pawnbroker would have died on the spot, as Alice, with the air of a tragedy queen, submitted to the indignity of being escorted to the back parlor, while Harvey kept watch and ward over her.

A quarter of an hour later Everard Hamlyn jumped out of a hansom and hurried into the shop. He was an impetuous person, and he had not waited to change his robes, but had come straight away in wig and gown from the law courts. He was met in the passage by Harvey, who had been awaiting his arrival with keen interest.

"There's a woman in here," he said, pointing to the parlor, "who says she's a friend of yours, and has found your pawn ticket, but I suspect—"

"Out of the way," cried Hamlyn, thrusting the officious young man to one side and rushing into the room.

"Alice, by all that's wonderful," he exclaimed, and seeing that her bosom was heaving convulsively, he put his arm around her and inquired tenderly what had happened.

"They have been so rude and insulting," she sobbed.

Hamlyn waited for no further explanation, but seizing Harvey by the throat he shook him until the unfortunate youth had not a breath in his body. Then, turning to the elderly man, he cried sternly:

"What do you mean by insulting this lady?"

The pawnbroker, discovering his mistake, was all apologies, but Hamlyn's temper was still up.

Nothing could justify rudeness to a lady, he said, and he insisted on an abject apology from the crestfallen assistant.

He put his arms around her and said, impulsively:

"Oh, my darling, how sweet of you to try and get my watch back for me. Did you do it because you care? Tell me, darling—I love you."

"It was very silly of me, I know," she said, softly and shyly, "but I thought you were very poor, and—oh—I wanted to help you."

"I am not poor," he said, smiling. "At least, not very poor. I have a thousand a year, and we might manage on that."

"It would not have mattered," she whispered, "if you had been a poor man."

He took out his watch and held it before her eyes.

"I shall never look at it," he said, "without thinking that I won you through it."—A. E. Manning Foster, in the Royal Magazine.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

Scientific Plums—Electricity in Consumption—The Sound of Heavy Guns—Protecting the Crawfish—A Measure for Sounds—Wild Animals in New Homes—An Improved Lamp Filament—An Electric Cartridge.

Scientific activity in the first year of the twentieth century should be greatly stimulated by the large number of prizes of 500 to 3,000 francs each offered for the year by the Paris Society for the Encouragement of National Industry.

These are a few of the chief subjects, competition being open to all nations: A motor weighing less than 50 kilograms for horse power developed; an important advance in mechanical methods of transmitting energy; automobiles specially suitable for town and country respectively; the utilization of any waste product; a publication useful to chemical or metallurgical industry; useful scientific researches in chemistry; an improvement in the manufacture of chloride; the discovery of a useful new alloy; a study of the expansion, elasticity and tenacity of pottery clays and glazes; a scientific study of the physical and mechanical properties of glass; a new method of manufacturing fuming sulphuric acid; a method of making steel of useful properties by adding a new element, new methods of utilizing petroleum for lighting and heating; a method of purifying water for domestic use; a special two-candle power incandescent electric lamp; a method for producing an indefinite number of photographic positives in color; a memoir on the cycle industry; and a study of commercial syndicates.

Several plans for treating tuberculosis by electricity have been brought forward. The Beyer method consisted in placing a pad over the diseased part of the lung on the chest and another on the back, and passing a high voltage current through the body for twenty or thirty minutes, the application being often repeated. By the Crotte method a powerful antiseptic was forced through the lungs by static electricity. The Carroll method, claimed to have given very favorable results, is designed to eliminate tubercular matter through the action of a high frequency and high voltage current from a Tesla oscillator.

A recent thunderbolt in England plowed a trench over three feet deep, seven inches wide and twelve feet long in solid clay, hurling clouds sixty feet.

In the event of a modern naval battle between—say—England and Russia, it may be assumed that under favorable conditions the roar of the heavy artillery of to-day would be heard from 150 to 250 miles away. Dr. Charles Davison, who is studying the subject, finds records showing that the firing at the battle of Camperdown, October 11, 1797, was noticed more than 200 miles away; at Sebastopol, 158 miles; at Malvern Hill and Manassas, about 125 miles; at the sinking of the Alabama, nine miles. In calibrates and mock battles the firing is not so heavy, much lighter powder charges being used. At the naval reviews of Spithead in 1867 and 1897, and at Sherborn in 1900, it seems that the sound of the guns reached places more than 100 miles distant, and a somewhat doubtful report of 125 miles was made in 1857 and of 135 miles in 1900.

Of the travel of the sound of single guns, little more seems to be known than that the time-guns of Bombay have been heard more than fifty miles away. From the careful observations near Cherbourg, it appears that the firing from the forty-three vessels (including thirteen of the largest battleships) sounded at a distance of sixty-six miles exactly like the discharge of great guns; at about seventy-five miles, as a continuous rumbling, with occasional heavier booms; at greater distances, as a deep monotonous throbbing, like the beats of a distant steamer's paddle; and at very great distances, as a curious throbbing—felt quite as much as heard—that may have rattled windows.

The saving from extinction of the crawfish—an important source of food—is among the claims of sericulture. A mysterious disease has driven this species from many rivers and brooks, but the discovery of the germ of the disease has been followed by successful experiments in preparing an antitoxic serum. Inoculations are made at the age of nine months and again at four years. The inoculated crawfish are branded on the tail, and the marked individuals are found to remain healthy.

The sound-measuring apparatus of M. F. Lacroix consists of an electromagnetic transmitter and an electromagnetic receiver containing a movable core of iron filings. The core is withdrawn until the sound ceases, and the vanishing points of two sounds are in this way compared.

Within the next century we may expect a striking change of the world's fauna through the shifting of animal homes by man as well as through human destructiveness. In the forests and parks of England, France and Germany, numerous foreign deer, antelopes and other animals have been introduced, and in some cases their habits have been rapidly and surprisingly modified. The greatest experiment in acclimatization ever undertaken is that started by the Duke of Bedford with a vast collection of animals at Woburn Abbey.

Other great homes for new races of animals in England are stated to be that of Mr. Christopher Leyland, at Haggerstone Castle, near Beale; and that of Sir E. G. Loder at Leonardslee, in Sussex, where a park has been stocked with wild animals living in perfectly natural conditions. From these centers some species will doubtless spread rapidly, with more or less altered characteristics.

Already living in France and England in a wild and natural state are some twelve or fourteen species of foreign deer, antelopes, gazelles, kangaroos, wild sheep, Japanese apes, beavers, bison, zebras, brilliant pheasants from India and China, water birds Oriental partridges, American trout and shad, American caviar and prairie dogs, etc.

A new filament for incandescent lamps, in which the difficulties of the Nernst filament are overcome, is claimed by G. Ahlfeld, of Darmstadt, Germany. The earth mixture is molded in the desired shape, usually that of a hollow cylinder or curved tube, is then heated to redness, and when cold receives a stripe or internal coating of a ceramic mixture containing platinum or other highly infusible metal. This is burned in, giving a firmly adhering metallic stripe or film. The metal conducts the current, required to heat the earthy material, when the latter becomes itself a conductor, and the refractory film is neither destroyed nor requires to be cut out of circuit while the lamp is operated.

A new cartridge, claimed by an Italian electrician to be an effective substitute for dynamite and smokeless powder for mines and heavy ordnance, contains a mixture of carbonate of potash and chloride of ammonia. While the mixture is ordinarily harmless, the passage of an electric spark sets up electrolytic action giving a violent explosion.

HIS IDEAL CUTING

Chicago News: "No summer resort for me," loudly spoke a bronzed Chicagoan the other day in telling how he spent his vacation. "I had a rest, a real rest, on my trip—gained eight pounds in ten days—and that is what I couldn't have had if I went to a summer resort. I got out next to nature and far from the conventional frivolities of fashionable life, such as every resort is tainted with more or less. There were no long evening waltzes in a heated ball-room, no patent-leather promenades up and down a hotel piazza, no seven-course dinners with their lip-waiting waiters and no lightning-change acts in and out your clothes two or three times a day."

The tanned man fairly puffed with the effort of his declaration against summer resort life.

"Well, get down to what you mean, but what you didn't do," demanded the friend who was being rebuffed by the reticent.

"What did I do?" puffed he of the bronzed skin more emphatically than ever. "I went to a spot completely isolated from the outside world, half a mile from the next house, two miles from the railway and seven miles from a restaurant, I went to a farmhouse. The farm was kept by an old Michigan miller—wife and five daughters. M—pretty place."

And the relation puffed a big puff of pleasure at the thought of the five pretty daughters.

"Usually take about half a dozen summer boarders there, just enough to make an enjoyable party for a lot of fun," he continued. "Picturesque old mill, with a picturesque creek flowing past it. Boating, fishing and swimming in the creek, the boating for two miles upstream between the prettiest kind of hills, bluffs and ravines, with their magnificent foliage meeting over the water. Big trunks and moss-covered logs, maldenbar ferns and bluebells, all along the bank. Quaint bends in the creek, where overhanging trunks have to be dodged, and one or two places where you have to pull the boat over fallen logs. Storks standing on one leg close to the bank until you get near and then flapping away. Oh, I tell you a row up that creek was worth while."

He of the tan layers was progressing so rapidly in his inventory that he almost forgot to puff.

"Mud turtles basking on logs in the sun—hundreds of them. Water lilies in the mill pond and the biggest cat-tails I ever saw. Water as clear as crystal and schools of fish were visible several feet beneath the surface."

"On shore there were the most romantic hills and dales imaginable. The beauties of the place couldn't be exhausted in a month of rambles. Half the day I was enjoying the scenery on the creek or in the woods and the other half I was at the rate of forty knots an hour. There was nothing to mar the pleasure of the enjoyment. A straw hat, hickory shirt and overalls were as good as full dress with those simple people. Every day I went to the mill, weighed myself and noted the gain of a pound or two."

"Eat—great Scott, how I ate! They were used to it there, however, and did not seem at all alarmed because I drank two glasses of milk a meal and ate three or four help of potatoes. Besides what I ate at meals, I had the berry bushes and the orchards of a whole farm at my disposal between meals. I tell you, we who get berries in boxes here in Chicago have no idea of how delicious the fruit is picked right from the bush. When I left Chicago I took a wand of bills an inch thick, as I didn't know where I might land or how much money I might spend. There I couldn't spend any money, because they charged only \$5 a week, and as the nearest soda fountain was seven miles away I could not treat even one of the five daughters. I tell you, that's the way to spend a vacation and get a real benefit. I'm going there regularly every year, you can rest assured. Where is the place? Why, just a few miles inshore in Michigan, up on Pipestone creek. If I were to give it away there would be a thousand people there to-morrow to spoil it by making a hotel a necessity."

SCRATCH, scratch, scratch: unable to attend to business during the day or sleep during the night, itching piles, horrible disease. Doan's Ointment cures. Never fails. At any drug store, 50 cents.

An Order Carried Out. A German congregation in the west ordered its preacher to get married within two days.

The reverend gentleman went to Peoria and saw his life-long friend, the Rev. Mr. Hohenstein, to whom he confided his mission. With Mr. Hohenstein he called on Miss Elchorn at her home, saw her at the church service the next morning, heard her speak at the Young People's meeting in the evening and saw her in her pew in the church auditorium an hour later. The next morning he gathered his courage and told Miss Elchorn what was in his heart. Later in the day she told him that she would return all his love and admiration.

Now the congregation is happy—Atlanta Constitution.

Skeptics Turn Believers and are Cured.—"When I read that Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder could relieve Catarrh in ten minutes I was far from being convinced. I tried it—single puff through the blowers afforded instant relief, stopped pain over the eyes and cleared the nasal passages. To-day I am free from Catarrh." B. L. Egan's (Easton, Pa.) experience has been that of thousands of others and may be yours.—Sold by Charles H. Goetze, druggist, Twelfth and Market streets—3.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of *Charles H. Goetze*

WOMEN! REMEMBER THIS.



In addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are communicating with a woman—a woman whose experience in treating woman's ills is greater than that of any living person.

A woman can talk freely to a woman when it is revolting to relate her private troubles to a man.

Many women suffer in silence and drift along from bad to worse, knowing full well that they should have immediate assistance. But natural modesty impels them to shrink from exposing themselves to the questions and probable examination of even their family physician. It is unnecessary. Without money or price you can consult a woman whose knowledge from 30 years' actual experience is unequalled. Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to freely communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass.

All letters are received, opened, read, and answered by women only.

This is a positive fact—not a mere statement—easily verified—thus has been established the eternal confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America, which has never been broken, and has induced more than 100,000 sufferers to write her for advice during the last few months.

Out of the vast volume of experience which she has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge that will help your case. She asks nothing in return except your good-will, and her advice has relieved thousands. Here are some of the cases we refer to:

Another Woman Who Acknowledges the Help she has Received from Mrs. Pinkham.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—The doctor says I have congestion of the womb, and cannot help me. There is aching in the right side of abdomen, hip, leg, and back. If you can do me any good, please write." Mrs. Nina Chase, Fulton, N. Y., December 20, 1897.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I followed your instructions, and now I want every woman suffering from female trouble to know how good your advice and medicine is. The doctor advised an operation. I could not bear to think of that, so followed your advice. I got better right off. I took six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and used three packages of Sensitive Wash; also took two Iver Pills, and am cured." Mrs. Nina Chase, Fulton, N. Y., December 12, 1898.

Mrs. Voss cured of Periodical Pains and Fervent Headaches by Following Mrs. Pinkham's Counsel.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I have been suffering for over a year and had three doctors. At time of menstruation I suffer terrible pains in back and ovaries. I have headache nearly every day, and feel tired all the time. The doctor said my womb was out of place. Would be glad if you could help me." Mrs. Carl Voss, Soc City, Iowa, August 1, 1898.

"Please accept my sincere thanks for the good your advice and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me. I did everything you told me to do, and used only three bottles, and feel better in every respect." Mrs. Carl Voss, Soc City, Iowa, March 23, 1899.

A Woman who Doctored Eight Years and got No Relief Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"Before taking the Vegetable Compound I was troubled with irregular menstruation, and suffered great agony. My physician gave me morphine, and I remained in bed. I doctored eight years and got no relief, and the doctors told me there was no relief for my trouble. Finally I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. While taking the first bottle I felt that I was improving. I have taken seven or eight bottles, and never had anything to do me so much good. Every month my troubles have grown less and less, and now at this time I am cured." Mrs. E. Quinlan, No. 23 Stage Street, Haverhill, Mass.

A new cartridge, claimed by an Italian electrician to be an effective substitute for dynamite and smokeless powder for mines and heavy ordnance, contains a mixture of carbonate of potash and chloride of ammonia. While the mixture is ordinarily harmless, the passage of an electric spark sets up electrolytic action giving a violent explosion.

Mrs. Pinkham has Fifty Thousand Such Letters as Above on File at Her Office—She Makes No Statements She Cannot Prove.

DEMOCRATS FOR MCKINLEY.

Western Men Who Have Repudiated Bryan and His Doctrines.

Philadelphia Press: The Chicago Tribune has compiled a list of some of the prominent men who voted for Bryan in 1896, but cannot find it in their hearts to repeat the action this time. With the names are given the reasons for their action.

The list does not include the Gold Democrats of 1896, who voted for either Palmer or Buckner or McKinley direct, but is that of converts to Republicanism. It includes two United States senators and two ex-United States senators, two ex-members of Congress, two ex-governors, one of them being Boyd, of Nebraska, the only Democratic governor Bryan's state has ever had, and a long list of members of the legislature, prominent lawyers and leading business men. The reasons given for their change of faith are either a conviction that free silver has been proved to be a mistake, that expansion is the only patriotic policy, and that McKinley has brought prosperity to the country. Some of these converts ascribe one of these reasons, some two and some all three.

The significant feature of the list is the fact that these conversions from Bryanism to Republicanism are more prominent in states like Kansas, Nebraska and Colorado than anywhere else. In Kansas and Nebraska many of the former Populists and Democrats, like Senator Peffer of the first named state and ex-Governor Boyd, of the last named state, come out frankly and acknowledge that the administration of President McKinley has proved that the 16 to 1 free silver argument was a mistake, and they are willing to acknowledge their error. They also declare that they have no confidence in anti-imperialist arguments now being made by Bryan, and regard expansion as the only patriotic policy. Senator Stewart, of Nevada, and ex-Senator Mantle, of Montana, take the same ground, while such a free silver Republican as Secretary of State Rice, of Colorado, makes the same admission regarding what he now acknowledges to have been a mistake on the money question in 1896.

This showing in the western states which four years ago cast their electoral votes for Bryan and Sewall is the best evidence of the correctness of the claim of Chairman Payne, of the Republican national committee, that Bryan will not get any of the former Republican states the other side of the Missouri river which he carried in 1896.

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